
Title: My Journal

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Today, Thomas died. I am still horrified by how he was tortured, as I believe the boy to be innocent. I am compelled to write down his story so that I might clear his name once I'm released from this hell. What follows is Thomas' Story.

The badly beaten shell of a boy shackled to the wall of this cell is all that remains of Thomas, who was convicted of the murder of a young girl he was in love with, Nina. Being of the same age and the only children of neighboring farm houses, they were practically inseparable growing up; it was a common sight to see them playing in the fields, playing pranks on the field hands, and in later years, walking hand in hand as they returned home at the end of each day's labors. It was commonly known that they would marry as soon as they both reached adulthood, so it was in the midst of wedding preparations that Nina was found slain, her body beaten and bloodied, yet strangely arranged as if in a peaceful slumber.

The village was shocked, and the hunt for the murderer began at once. No one knew if it was a drunken jailor from the

drunken jailor from the
a wandering brigand who
happened upon her alone
that night. The sheriff
thought that the murder
scene pointed towards a
violent outburst, followed
by regret, for what kind
of criminal would beat a
young girl to death and
then take the time to
lay her body in a position
of rest?

A week later, with Nina
buried in the ground and
her mother bed-ridden in
shock, the local constable
enlisted the aid of every
available person, which
included any off-duty
staff from the prison.
The countryside was
scoured, the hunting dogs
released, but no sign of
unaccounted for travelers
could be found. The prison
guards were all working
that night or in the
village tavern. Hope
amongst the townsfolk
that the murderer would
be brought to justice
was fading as fast as
their anger was rising. It
was in this atmosphere
that an unlikely detective,
the head executioner of
the prison, claimed to
find a bit of bloody cloth
in the field where Nina's
body was found. The cloth
had 'To my beloved
Thomas' inscribed on it.

This cloth was immediately
recognized as belonging to
a scarf Nina had woven
for Thomas, and a hasty
search of his room found
the rest of the bloodied
and torn scarf hidden
under his straw sleeping
mat. The village was
shocked, because no one
had suspected Thomas,
but when the head
executioner produced a

guard willing to testify
that he had overheard
Nina telling Thomas that
she had fallen in love
with another boy just
days before the body was
found.

In their righteous anger,
the villagers were quick
to condemn. Despite
Thomas' tearful protests
of innocence, and his
claim that the scarf had
been lost sometime after
the murder, no one
bothered to question the
source of the 'evidence'.
Thomas was pronounced
guilty, and immediately
chained and sent to the
prison to await his
execution. That was the
last that Thomas' family
ever saw of him. The
village folk, used to a
hardscrabble life, soon
forgot him as they
turned their attention
back towards feeding
their families and
surviving the coming
winter this far in the
North.

It was during his last
days of life in the prison
that Thomas learned the
fate of his beloved Nina,
for it was the head
executioner himself behind
the deed. It seems that
he had lusted after the
beautiful young Nina for
years; with the wedding
coming soon and her
innocence soon to be lost,
the executioner followed
her out into the fields
with delusions of seducing
the inexperienced girl with
ease. Of course, she
would have nothing to do
with him and fought off
his advances. The
executioner, not at all
expecting to be rejected,
and knowing that the

feisty young girl would
hardly stay silent about
the night's events,
became very angry and
afraid.

As he beat her
mercilessly, just before
she was lost to this
world, a single tear
streamed down her cheek,
for she knew that she
would never again set her
eyes upon her true love.
It was with that final
bittersweet thought that
she slipped into
unconsciousness under the
heavy rain of blows.

The deed complete, the
executioner's anger
subsided. Far from being
a dullard, he knew that
he needed to frame
someone else for his act.
Who else but the pretty
boy Thomas with his
ever-present smirk?

Quickly putting together a
plan, the executioner
arranged Nina's body as
if he actually cared for
the girl, which of course,
he did not. Later, during
the initial search when
the townsfolk were
searching far and wide,
he snuck into Thomas'
house with a pouch of
sheep's blood. Splattering
the scarf with the blood,
he then tore off a piece
and slid the scarf
underneath Thomas'
sleeping matt. He then
slipped back out unnoticed,
and thus was successful
at planting the 'evidence'
that would divert any
suspicion from himself
onto Thomas. Half
threatening and half
bribing one of the
corrupt prison guards into
bearing false witness and
then claiming to find the

bloodied scrap of cloth
were the easiest parts
of his plan.

Then it was just a
matter of waiting for
the farce of a trial to
finish, and Thomas was
delivered to the
executioner to do with as
he pleased. And did it
ever please him greatly
to torture the boy for
many hours on end, telling
him lies too, mostly about
his beloved Nina being
unfaithful at the end.
While I think that deep
down a part of Thomas
never believed them, the
pain and suffering left
him in a delusional state
of mind, and he spend his
last days crying out in
pain, asking the memory
of Nina why she had
betrayed him so, and
finally just sobbing until
his spirit let go of life
and death overcame him.
The executioner's hatred
was so great that
Thomas was left to rot
shackled to this wall, a
great injustice done to
the boy both in life and
in death.